

Leaue me, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do so: for indeede I haue lost command,
Therefore I pray you, Ile see you by and by. *Sits downe*

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do most deere Queene.

Char. Do, why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit downe: Oh Iuno.

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you heere, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Iras. Madam, oh good Empresse.

Eros. Sir, sir.

Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'ne like a dancer, while I strooke
The leane and wrinkled Cassius, and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practise had
In the braue squares of Warre: yet now: no matter.

Cleo. Ah stand by.

Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speake to him,
Hee's vnqualited with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustaine me: Oh.

Eros. Most Noble Sir arise, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I haue offended Reputation,

A most vnnoble swearing.

Eros. Sir, the Queene.

Ant. Oh whether hast thou lead me Egypt, see
How I conuey my shame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I haue left behind
Stroy'd in dishonor.

Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,

Forgiue my fearfull sayles, I little thought
You would haue followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by th'strings,
And thou should'st stowe me after. O're my spirit
The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.

Cleo. Oh my pardon.

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o' th' world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates
All that is wonne and lost: Giue me a kisse,
Euen th' is repayes me.

We sent our Schoolemaster, is a come backe?

Loue I am full of Lead: some Wine

Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,

We scorn her most, when most she offers blowes. *Exeunt*

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Dolabella with others.

Ces. Let him appeare that's come from Anthony,
Know you him.

Dolla. Caesar, 'tis his Schoolemaster,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Anthony.

Cesar. Approach, and speake.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Anthony:

I was of late as petty to his ends,

As is the Morn-dew on the Mertle leafe

To his grand Sea.

Ces. Bee't so, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salures thee, and

Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted

He Lessons his Requests, and to thee sues

To let him breath betwene the Heauens and Earth

A priuate man in Athens: this for him.

Next, Cleopatra does confesse thy Greatnesse,

Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues

The Circle of the Ptolemies for her heyres,

Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Ces. For Anthony,

I haue no cares to his request. The Queene,

Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, so thee

From Egypt driue her all-disgraced Friend,

Or take his life there. This if thee performe,

She shall not sue vnheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Ces. Bring him through the Bands:

To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,

From Anthony winne Cleopatra, promise

And in our Name, what she requires, adde more

From thine inuention, offers. Women are not

In their best Fortunes strong; but want will perjure

The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cunning Thidias,

Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we

Will answer as a Law.

Thid. Caesar, I go.

Cesar. Obserue how Anthony becomes his slaw,

And what thou think'st his very action speaks

In euery power that mooues. *Exeunt*

Thid. Caesar, I shall.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eros. Thinke, and dye.

Cleo. Is Anthony, or we in fault for this?

Eros. Anthony onely, that would make his will

Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,

From that great face of Warre, whose feuerall ranges

Frighted each other? Why should he follow?

The itch of his Affection should not then

Haue nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,

When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being

The meere question? 'Twas a shame no lesse

Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges,

And leaue his Navy gazing.

Cleo. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambassador with Anthony.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Amb. I my Lord.

Ant. The Queene shall then haue courtiesse,

So she will yeeld vs vp.

Amb. He sayes so.

Ant. Let her know't. To the Boy Caesar send this

grizled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brim,

With Principalities.

Cleo. That head my Lord?

Ant. To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose
Of youth vpon him: from which, the world should note
Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would preuaile

Vnder the seruice of a Childe, as soone

As 'th' Command of Caesar. I dare him therefore

To lay his gay Comparisons a-part,

And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,

Our selues alone: Ile write it: Follow me.

Eros. Yes like enough: hyc battel'd Caesar will

Vestate his happinesse, and be Stag'd to'th' new

Against a Sword. I see mens Iudgements are

A parcel of their Fortunes, and things outward

Do draw the inward quality after them

To suffer all alike, that he should dreame,

Knowing all measures, the full Caesar will

Answer his emptinesse; Caesar thou hast subdu'de

His Iudgement too.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. A Messenger from Caesar.

Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,

Against the blowne Rose may they stop their nose,

That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him sir.

Eros. Mine honesty, and I, beginne to square,

The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make

Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure

To follow with Allegiance a false Lord,

Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,

And earne a place i'th' Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. Caesar's will.

Thid. Heare it apart.

Cleo. None but Friends: say boldly.

Thid. So haply are they Friends to Anthony.

Eros. He needs as many (Sir) as Caesar ha's,

Or needs not vs. If Caesar please, our Master

Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,

Whose he is, we are, and that is Caesar.

Thid. So. Thus then thou most renown'd, Caesar intreats,

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st

Further then he is Caesar's.

Cleo. Go on, right Royall.

Thid. He knowes that you embrace not Anthony

As you did loue, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh.

Thid. The scarce's vpon your Honor, therefore he

Does pitty, as constrained blemishes,

Not as deserued.

Cleo. He is a God,

And knowes what is most right. Mine Honour

Was not yeilded, but conquer'd meere.

Eros. To be sure of that, I will aske Anthony.

Sir, sir, thou art so leakeie

That we must leaue thee to thy sinking, for

Thy deere'st quit thee. *Exit Eros.*

Thid. Shall I say to Caesar,

What you require of him: for he partly begges

To be desir'd to giue. It much would please him,

That of his Fortunes you should make a staffe

To leane vpon: But it would warme his spirits

To heare from me you had left Anthony,

And put your selfe vnder his throwd, the vniuersal Land-

Cleo. What's your name?

Thid. My name is Thidias.

Cleo. Most kinde Messenger,

Say to great Caesar this in disputation,

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